I liked the travelling ; but then we travelled in a very princely fashion. The Lyceum company and baggage occupied eight cars, and Henry's private parlour car was lovely. The only thing that we found was better understood in England, so iar as railway travelling is concerned, was *privacy.* You may have a *private* car in. America, but all the conductors on the train, and there is one to each car, can walk through it. So can any official, baggage man or newsboy who has the mind!

The " parlour car" in America is more luxurious than our first class, but you travel in it (if you have no " private " car) with thirty other people.

" What do you want to be private for ? " asked an American, and you don't know how to answer, for you find that with them that privacy means concealment. For this reason, I believe, they don't have hedges or walls round their estates and gardens. " Why should we ? We have nothing to hide! "

In the cars, as in the rooms at one's hotel, the " cuspidor " is always with you as a thing of beauty! When I first went to America the " Ladies[1] Entrance " to the hotel was really necessary, because the ordinary entrance was impassable 1 Since then very severe laws against spitting in public places have been passed, and there is a *great* improvement. But the habit, I suppose due to the dryness of the climate, or to the very strong cigars smoked, or to chronic catarrh, or to a feeling of independence—

" This is a free country and I can spit if I choose! "—

remains sufficiently disgusting to a stranger visiting the

country.

The American voice is the one thing in the country that I find unbearable; yet the truly terrible variety only exists in one State, and is not widely distributed. I suppose it **is** its very assertiveness that makes one forget the very